

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOL. XII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1883.

NO. 28.

## Pasturing for Horses.

I have good pastures at Arlington Heights or East Lexington, with

## Plenty of Shade,

## Good Water,

upland and lowland. I see all horses daily, but take them at risk of owners.

Price \$2.00 a week.

Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

F. ALDERMAN.

Telephone No. 6830.

H. L. ALDERMAN, Veterinary Surgeon.

P. O. address, East Lexington, Box 1.

111 Main Street.

Smith & CO'S

Lexington and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICE, 33 Court Square. Order

box at H. Locke's, 42 Faneuil Hall Market. Of-

ice at Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Office

at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W.

Holbrook's.

FURNITURE MOVING.

lydec25

## New Store.

## Grocery on Pleasant Street,

ARLINGTON.

## CHOICE SELECTION

OF

## STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

Next Door to Pleasant St. Market.

PEARSON'S

## Arlington Wheat Biscuit,

## Evaporated Apple and Peach,

## Canned Goods in Variety.

Give us a call and see store and goods.

CASSIUS M. HALL.

## FAMILIES

Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can

Wishing them left at their houses by leaving their

orders at the Arlington Bakery.

## Land for Sale.

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded

off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of ac-

cess. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

ARTHUR O. GOTTL

## Watchmaker and Jeweler,

## Post Office Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

I am prepared to give you as fine watch

work as can be had in the State, including ad-

justing the watches to heat, cold and isochron-

ism.

ASA COTTRELL,

## ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Takes acknowledgement of Deeds and affidavits

to be used in other states, and admits to bail in

civil and criminal cases.

27 TREMONT ROW, BOSTON.

Next door to Baptist Church, Main Street, in

LEXINGTON.

By James F. C. Hyde, Auctioneer,

19 Milk St., Boston.

## Mortgagee's Sale

## OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a

certain mortgagee deed given by George A.

Stuck and Ellen A. Stuck, his wife, in her own

right, to George B. Goodwin, dated February 15,

1870, and recorded with the Registry of Deeds for

the County of Middlesex, libo 1340, folio 180, will

be sold at public auction, on the premises con-

tained in said mortgagee deed, on

Tuesday, the tenth day of July,

1883, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and

singular the premises conveyed by said mort-

gagee deed, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with

all buildings standing thereon, situated part-

ly in Lexington and partially in Burlington

Heights, and bounded and described as follows, viz.: Beginning at the northeast-

ern corner at Adams and North streets; then

running northerly on said Adams street fifteen

feet to a point in the last named street which is sixty

(60) feet distant from a certain apple tree which is

thence running northerly forty (40) feet and ap-

pearing in an orchard, then turning south and

running in a northerly direction along a foot

path, five hundred and thirty five feet, to a red

collar tree near the Lexington and Burlington

Heights, thence westerly on said North street

nine hundred and forty four (944) feet, and two

feet to a point in the last named street, and so

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# Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 4 CTS.

Arlington, July 13th, 1883.

## ADVERTISING RATES:

Reading Notices, per line.	25 cents.
Special Notices, " "	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line.	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

**ESP** The Independents are getting their "machine" in running order.

**ESP** The Legislature will be brought to a close next Tuesday, probably.

**ESP** Senator Rollins drops out of the Senatorial race in New Hampshire.

**ESP** The Tewksbury investigation is ended. Never was the good name and fame of Massachusetts assailed for so slight a cause.

**ESP** Thursday was "Orangeman's" day. Old jealousies are dying out, and they now parade without hindrance.

**ESP** Parties desiring this paper during the vacation season can have it mailed to their several addresses, free of cost, during that time.

**ESP** Mr. George R. Dwelley, a resident of Arlington Heights and formerly a teacher of Lexington High School, has been appointed Superintendent of Schools at Watertown, where he has taught the High School for two years or more.

**ESP** It was a wise and proper course for the Legislature to correct the error of its committee in calling on Tom Marsh for that record book. A like courage shown earlier in the session would have shortened it more than a month, we are confident.

**ESP** A railway guide without a good map is like a ship without a rudder; and travelers who want official timetables without a valiseful of advertisements always ask for the Pathfinder, this being the only official guide in New England.

**ESP** The Philadelphia Ice Cream Co., who advertise elsewhere, has for several years enjoyed an enviable reputation for the quality of goods furnished, and now their facilities for prompt filling of orders is unequalled by any firm in Boston. Remember this when giving orders.

**ESP** We print elsewhere a strong article on the temperance question from the columns of the Boston Daily Advertiser, commanding it to the careful perusal of all our readers. Following it comes an article showing the workings of the license law in Waltham.

**ESP** Our friends, competent for such tasks, absent from home during the holidays, will confer a favor on us, and a greater one on our readers, if they will furnish descriptive letters of the places visited. Such letters are read with great pleasure by the mass of newspaper readers.

**ESP** Already preparations are being made for the Christmas holiday season, and the trade is now being supplied with a wealth of novelties in this direction. The great publishing house of D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, send us their catalogue, which contains the outline of a surprising amount of choice literature already prepared, together with announcements of coming novelties.

**ESP** The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has finally concluded that it is better for the interests of all concerned that the recently appointed collector of internal revenue at Boston, Mr. C. M. Horton, should not be connected with that department. Mr. Evans says that the charges have not been proven, but he does not wish to further embarrass the service by a prolonged investigation. This decision will give universal satisfaction, though the Commissioner was evidently loth to make it.

**ESP** The recent efforts of Arlington police to arrest the liquor traffic have been successful to a remarkable degree, and officer Barry has won special distinction. We announced last week the arrest of the driver of a team belonging to Patrick J. Tenney, of Woburn. The case was continued twice, but was finally ended last Monday in the conviction of the driver, Peter J. McGuire, on three single sales of lager beer, and on the complaint for transportation. On each he was found guilty and fined \$50.00 and costs, amounting to \$60.00. He appealed, and was held in \$400 bonds in each case.

## Installation.

The D. D. Abijah H. Buck and suite installed the officers of Bethel Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F., for the present term, at the regular meeting of the Lodge, last Wednesday evening. The attendance was large and the whole ceremony a pleasant one, as usual. The following is the full roster for the term:—

N. G., Grenville P. Peirce.  
V. G., Chas. W. Isley.  
R. Sec., Chas. Richardson.  
Treas., Wm. L. Clark.  
C. Adam McLean.  
W. Arthur W. Woodward.  
I. G., Geo. Hill, Jr.  
O. G., Amzi Hall.  
R. S. N. G., James A. Marden.  
L. S. N. G., James H. Richardson.  
R. S. V. G., S. E. Kimball.  
L. S. V. G., Frank Wyman.  
R. S. S., Thomas Higgins.  
L. S. S., A. P. Cutler.  
Chap., Jas. Gibson.  
O., Frank Winn.

At the conclusion of the installation ceremonies and other services, the company sat down to the usual enjoyable collation, furnished by the lodge.

**ESP** Nine-tenths of our readers will be glad to notice this tribute to our fellow citizen, Rev. Mr. Rhoades, clipped from "The Watchman" which is the Baptist denominational paper:—

### "A SENSE OF LOSS."

A Lexington correspondent says that the friends of Rev. C. L. Rhoades are lamenting his departure from the place, and feel that in his going the church sustains no ordinary loss. It is further said that during the six months of his residence there he gained the respect of the entire outside community, wherein his abilities have been appreciated and commended by his being selected as the orator for Memorial day, and as a trustee of the public library. In further words he is pronounced thoroughly evangelical, earnest and original in the pulpit, "holding forth the word of life" with unmistakable clearness. The loss which Lexington and its church sustain by his ended work there will, it is said, surely be a gain elsewhere; and he bears away with him the esteem and good wishes of the town."

### Little drops of printer's ink.

A little type displayed,  
Make our merchants bosses  
And their big parade.

Little bits of stinginess,  
Discarding printer's ink,  
Busts the man of business  
And sees his credit sink.

**ESP** If you want to make the trip to New York comfortably, take the Fall River line. The elegances of its railroad equipment are not exceeded if they are equalled, and in the matter of steamboats the line is without a rival. The ticket office is at the head of State street, or tickets can be had and staterooms secured at the Old Colony depot. Take the Fall River line both for comfort, speed and convenience.

**ESP** The change in the temperature from Saturday afternoon to Sunday morning last was something remarkable. The glass indicated 96° in the shade on Saturday. During Sunday a fire in the house was absolutely necessary for comfort. These sudden and extreme variations are extremely trying to all, but the young children suffer especially.

**ESP** The Musical Herald for July is as high in tone, choice in its selections, and broad in sweep of its influence as any of its predecessors, and contains articles helpful to musicians of every class. The musical numbers are strong and embrace a larger variety than is often given in these pages. Maintaining so high a rank it ought to broaden its sphere of usefulness with an increase of monthly circulation. Musical Herald Co. are the publishers, Franklin Square, Boston, at the low price of \$1.50 per year.

**ESP** That charming seaside resort, "Downer Landing," will be the scene of the 26th convention of Mass. Reform Clubs, which is to be held there on Wednesday, July 18th, during the entire day. The exercises will be held in Waldron Hall, secured by the committee for that day, and only delegates specially chosen will take part in the deliberations, but all friends of temperance will be cordially welcomed to the excursion and to listen to the interesting exercises which will fill up the day. No more delightful trip can be taken, and we hope a large number will go from here. Tickets can be had at the office of the steamboat company, India Wharf, on the morning of the 18th.

**ESP** Haggett's Pond, the place chosen for the picnic of the Pleasant street church, Arlington, is certainly one of the most perfect picnic grounds ever laid out. The grove consists of a magnificent growth of pines; the lake, of several hundred acres in extent, has a shore not unlike Chelsea Beach, with splendid facilities for bathing, and all that any could desire in the way of boating; the grounds abound with the most approved facilities for enjoyment; the refreshment room is neatness itself; the service pleasant and prompt. With such surroundings, on a delightful day, it is no wonder that a happy company, though a small one, look back with real pleasure to a day spent there.

## Suggested by Stepping on a "Mourning" Veil.

"The mourners go about the streets; but when the proximity of their mourning material depends to the sidewalk, who is to blame for stepping on it?

How much do I wear my own body to please? How much for my neighbor to talk of, to tease? Do I act my own part in selecting my clothes? Or my elders and comrades, who in "fashion" repose?

Would the dress be so rich in groundwork and style?

If I feared not the force of the sarcastic smile? Would the fan and the ribbon, the feather and bow, Be so rich and so varied, but to please when I show?

Would the mourner persist in the dark, dismal dress?

Were the eyes of the living regarded much less? Would the veil, now so long that it reaches the floor?

Mourn less were it shorten'd a full yard or more?

If the wearer requires such an emblem of sighs To recall what is lost, let it cover the eyes.

Why intrude on my neighbor and friends with my loss?

They have all they can bear, and can scarce reach the cross.

I wait for each heart to consult its own joys; If black fills the void, then let black be its choice.

I speak but for one,—when I lose a dear friend, That is darkness enough; give me something to lend.

A glimmer of sunshine from something without, Else my life would be useless to all those about.

Would you or I wear a stove-pipe hat?

If all the folks were blind as a bat?

Or wear a dickey as high as the ears,

When a turn of the head would start the tears?

Would we be so encased in the out of the coat?

And have it close button'd clean up to the throat?

Would we have our pants loose, and then tight as the skin?

So we scarce could undress, and more scarcely get in?

Would I wear my shoes "teeth-picks" then square as a "rule"?

If the dudes were extinct and myself not a fool?

### STATE HOUSE NOTES.

When the Legislature came together last Tuesday, after its somewhat lengthened adjournment, it found two unexpected items of business,—provision for the just burned Bridgewater Workhouse, and action on the refusal of Thomas J. Marsh, Jr., to produce certain books, claimed to be personal property before the Tewksbury investigating committee. At the same time chairman Hill entered a vigorous protest against a reduction of the appropriation for State tax, showing the need existing for the amount named in the original bill. A bill appropriating \$1,500,000 was advanced one stage. An effort was made to adjourn over to Friday, which the Butler element claimed was an attempt to pass over the Marsh matter and the too frequent filibustering tactics of the session were resorted to with about the usual result,—a grand cave on the part of the Republican majority. The House adjourned over to the next day.

A meeting of the Executive Council was held at Greenfield, last Friday, at which the Governor formally withdrew the nomination of Benjamin A. Sawyer, of Duxbury, for membership in the State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, and substituted for it that of Dr. Edgar E. Dean, of Brockton. Nathaniel Spooner was also nominated and confirmed as a Pilot Commissioner, and there was some other routine business, after which the Council adjourned to meet at the State House this afternoon.

Donaldson, Donovan & Co., who furnished the Governor with a piece of tanned human skin for use in the Tewksbury investigation, it is reported, have engaged Mr. E. P. Brown, and will begin legal proceedings for the recovery of their property. The skin was valued at \$1500, but since the publicity that has been given to it, the firm say they would not part with it for \$3000. The shoes which the Governor has alluded to so often as a new industry, were intended for the museum at Rome, and not for the domestic market.

The answer of the Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity to the Governor comes rather late, but it is sound. The Governor raised several points about the powers of the board, all of which were unsound, as has been fully shown in the newspapers, and now again by the letter of Chairman Talbot. Among these points raised by the Governor was the assumption that certain officers held their places under by-laws of the board; that the board had no disburbing power; that it could not delegate its authority. The answer to these is conclusive. The board has special authority by statute for all it has done, a fact of which Gov. Butler seems to have been strangely and grossly ignorant. Indeed, he knows very little about state affairs, and especially about the laws governing state institutions.

### Compulsory Education.

Ex-President Hayes, at the celebration in Woodstock, Connecticut, on the Fourth of July, delivered an address upon "National Aid to Education," that has greatly raised him in the estimation of the general public. The address was very sensible and practical and some of Mr. Hayes' suggestions were extremely pertinent. The country is at present intoxicated with its mechanical inventions, its growth, its scope and its wealth, but notwithstanding all these indications of prosperity, they would be as nothing if education

be not the foundation on which we build. As a nation, we must keep pace in our intellects with our commercial expansion, else, like children who grow too rapidly without acquiring strength proportionate to their size, our development will be only extended, and, consequently, weak. When this happens in the case of a nation, serious results may be expected. The United States is, to-day, of all civilized countries, the most exposed to this danger. Thousands of ignorant and illiterate foreigners come to our land yearly, bringing little money, little culture, a great deal of foreign prejudices and with little of the most common and necessary knowledge. They become enfranchised and wield the voting power while scarce able to write their names and surely unable to judge for themselves as to what legislation the country may demand or need. That illiteracy is growing in the United States is a fact, although it has not yet attracted the attention which it deserves, and unless more energy is given to the education of the illiterate, the evil may assume unexpected formidable proportions. We forget that every ignorant foreigner who becomes a naturalized citizen neutralizes the vote of the highly educated native, and thus lowers the average intelligence of the nation. Of all preventives and of all remedies the common school is the cheapest, surest, and most satisfactory.

—Roxbury Advocate.

## Temperance Department.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND POLITICS.  
One of the attorneys of the distilling interests in Ohio reports that some distillers are disposed to have no quarrel with the Scott law, inasmuch as it gives their trade or the trade which supports them, a kind of legal status equivalent to a license, which they regard as an advantage over the previous conditions of no restriction. It is also said that some of the more intelligent saloon-keepers think the business will do well to accept the condition of this law, lest by opposing it they arouse the moral sentiment of the State to the point of passing a prohibitory law, which would be worse for them. The Republican party of Ohio should not expect much help from liquor-sellers, actuated by such motives. If it does expect it, there will be disappointment in the result. If any distillers have come to a tolerant opinion of this law, it is only because they have concluded it cannot be overthrown. Their view is that such a law would be a good thing for them was not proclaimed when the law was under consideration. They gave no countenance or support to the license law that was passed before it, but, on the contrary, they were united to break it down, as they were united to prevent the passage of the Scott Law, and to break it down in the courts after it was passed. It is not uncommon in every community to hear much talk, when legislation in behalf of temperance and good morals is under consideration, about there being two kinds of liquor sellers, one "low" and one "respectable," and that the latter class is as earnest to suppress the former class and prevent the mischief they do as anybody in the community; but these same "respectable" liquor sellers who talk so sweetly and assume so high a tone are the very ones who contribute the most money to be used in preventing every interference with their trade that can be prevented. They oppose all licenses and all special taxes, where it is practicable, and when it is certain that there must be a license system, their agents are at work to secure the lowest terms which will open the business to the most persons, and such terms in the law as will make its efficiency least embarrassing.

And after the law is passed they are of no account to help enforce it. The common argument that the interest of those who have paid licenses will make them helpers in closing up all illegal establishments, and so allies of the law and of the order-loving sentiment of the community, has been found to be utterly fallacious in experience. The reason is not far to seek. The illegal and the disreputable establishments are the patrons of those which conform to the law, and the former depend upon the latter to connive at their proceedings, to shield them from discovery, and to aid in defending them if detected; and their dependence is justified. Who knows of any cases where the consolidated liquor-selling interests have not stood by the most disreputable of their class, and helped them whenever they needed help? The money they contribute to the common fund is never expended to aid in sustaining the law. They never assist in the prosecution of offenders. Every faithful district-attorney counts upon finding opposed to him, in every case, counsel employed by them, and there is no trick or art, no technicality, no bullying of which the association of men who manufacture intoxicating liquor and those who sell it will not avail themselves to rescue from the clutches of justice one who buys liquor to sell it again. These facts are being more clearly perceived by the whole community, and it is well recognized by the friends of temperance and good morals that the traffickers in liquor do not intend to honor the laws any further than they must.

It is not strange then that the patience of communities is becoming exhausted, and that the question of making and enforcing stringent laws regulating the traffic is becoming more and more an issue of politics. In some of the Western States, where the evils of this traffic have been long suffered without adequate restriction or regulation, this has become the most prominent of local issues, and however that may be regretted by politicians who desire to wage campaigns upon national issues exclusively, so that party lines may be drawn in State elections nearly as they are in presidential elections, the condition will not change materially until a settlement is effected, which promises to be for the present a powerful restraint on the business of making criminals, paupers and wretches, which has been too long tolerated as a legitimate trade. In this struggle between temperance and intemperance, order and disorder, prosperity and woe, the Democratic party has exposed the cause of the rum-seller as naturally and zealously as thirty years ago it exposed the cause of the slaveholder. Then it advocated freedom in the sense that whoever chose to do so had the right to hold slaves, and could find no power under the Constitution to restrict the dominion of the slave power. Now it is for the greatest freedom to the rum trade, and can find no warrant in constitutions or the principles of justice for interfering with its destructive work. Now as before the Republican party appeals to the conscience of the people to limit and suppress a great social evil. It is as before on the side of right, and its ultimate triumph is secure.—*Boston Advertiser*, July 1.

The number of minors—boys of very tender years indeed—who were intoxicated during Tuesday night last was surprisingly large, and it is a circumstance greatly to be regretted. It is surprising when it is known by the confession of the lads that the liquor they drank was obtained from licensed vendors—from men whose licenses are granted on the plainly understood ground that under no circumstances is liquor to be sold to minors; and leaving altogether out of account the evil effect upon the lads themselves, it is a remarkable fact, which can only be taken as a phase of the liquor business, that men will so grossly violate the statutes for the paltry dimes that the profits on the small amount of liquor thus sold will afford them. Are men who will sell under such circumstances of "good moral character," and fit to receive licenses? We think not, but believe that their acts form a good field for the law and order league to work amongst. Liquor selling is only permitted under certain circumstances, yet how almost impossible it is to secure the enforcement of those conditions. From what we hear, more than one of those licensed to sell has already violated his license. We wonder if any will be forfeited? The prosecutions that have been begun may perhaps be merited, but be that as it may, every parent in Waltham should ardently hope that the persons who sold liquor, whether rum or wine, to minors last Tuesday should be prosecuted to the extent of the law, and while they are about it, they may as well hope for the prosecution of those druggists who sell claret in soda. We may expect too much in the way of enforcement of the license law, but it is certainly not unreasonable to receive a little.—*Waltham Record*.

### WHY CARRY IT INTO POLITICS?

Some good temperance men do not seem to understand why temperance should be carried into politics, and are still harping about moral suasion as the only effectual remedy for intemperance. The trouble with these men is, that they don't understand the work to be accomplished. Moral suasion is for the individual, while political action on the part of temperance men is to reform parties and legislation. Temperance men do not ask for laws to deal with the drunkard. In his case moral suasion is the true remedy. But saloon-keepers, protected by law, are constantly manufacturing new drunkards, and that too much faster than moral suasion is saving them. To put a stop to the drunkard-making business there must be reform in legislation, and this requires reform in the political parties, through which legislation is obtained. The ballot-box is the only means in this country by which the individual voter can impress his will upon the legislation of the State and Nation. Let temperance men keep this distinction in mind,—that moral suasion is for the reformation of the individual, while temperance political action is for reform in the legislation of the State and Nation.—*See*.

### CARY LIBRARY.

Books added during month of June.  
Agricultural.  
Insects injurious to Fruits.  
W. Saunders. 255  
Biography.  
C. Kegan Paul. 12133  
Biographical Sketches.  
Byron Lord, The Real. 13162  
J. C. Jeaffreson. 13163  
Letters to a Friend, C. Thirlwall. 13134  
Lucia Della Robbia, L. Scott. 11181  
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Wilberforce, Bishop, Life of. A. R. Ashwell & R. G. Wilberforce. 1591.  
Fiction.  
Admiral's Ward, The. Mrs. Alexander. 51209  
Chelsea Householder, A. 51208  
Doctor Claudius, F. M. Crawford. 53164  
Hot Flows, A. W. Tourgee. 51208  
In the Olden Time. 51204  
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Like his own Daughter. 52169  
Priest and the Man, The. 52170  
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Whom Kathie Married. A. M. Douglas. 53166  
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Civil War, Campaigns of the, Vol. 12. Virginia Campaign of '64 & '65, The. A. A. Humphreys. 8389  
Vol. 13. Statistical Records of the Armies of the U. S. F. Phisterer.  
England, Constitutional History of, 3 Vols. W. Stubbs. 83113  
English Constitutional History, T. P. Taswell-Langmead. 84116  
Quaker Invasion of Massachusetts, The. R. P. Hallowell. 82130  
Periodicals.  
Harper's Magazine. Vol. 66. 432  
Longman's Magazine. Vol. 1. 417  
Wide Awake. Vol. 16. 452  
Poetry.  
Living English Poets. 7243  
Very, Jones. Poems of. 7244  
Wit and Humour. S. Brooks. 7147  
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Ages before Moses, The. J. M. Gibson. 92112  
Freedom of Faith, The. T. T. Manger. 91103  
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## THE STORM.

Crash!  
The thunder came!  
The lightning's flame  
Lit up the murky night.  
The stars that shone so bright  
A monument since, and the fair moon.  
The black clouds cover now, and soon  
The tall trees writh and bend their giant  
forms,  
Bowing obsequious to the King of Storms,  
Who now ride on the winds with dark portentous frown,  
And following swift behind, the rain comes dancing down.  
The big drops fiercely beat against the pane,  
Then faintly cease, and then surge up again.  
The rolling thunder grows less, loud,  
And swift athwart the darkest cloud,  
A widening rift appears,  
And from the heavy sphères.  
The star soon gleams,  
And pale moon beams,  
Flash!

## KATIE'S WORK.

### HOW A GIRL SAVED A MILL.

"Hurrah!"  
The door flew open with a bang as Phil Payson burst into the little room where his mother and his sister Katie sat sewing, his face flushed, his eyes shining, and his cap swinging high over his head.

"Why, Phil!"  
"Give three cheers, mother. Dance like a dervish, Katie! I'm going to be night watchman in Mr. Medway's mill, at fifteen dollars a month. Oh, mother, ain't you glad?"

"Very glad indeed," answered Mrs. Payson, and for a moment she looked pleased enough to satisfy Phil's highest expectations. Then her face clouded.

"But your school, Phil dear; I can't have you leave that."

"I don't mean to, mother," said Phil, earnestly. "It's all fixed just right. I'll study nights—it will help keep me awake, you know—and Miss Cary is going to hear me recite every afternoon at 5 o'clock. She offered to, mother. Oh, mother, do say you're glad, really!"

Mrs. Payson pulled her tall boy down and kissed him tenderly on both glowing cheeks. As for Katie, she was literally on tiptoe with delight. She was a little brown gypsy, with dark eyes full of fire and fun.

"Good for Miss Cary," she cried, twirling lightly around on her toes. "Isn't she just splendid?"

"She is very kind," said Mrs. Payson, smiling; "and I am glad, Phil, more glad than I can tell you. How came Mr. Medway to give you the place? It is a very responsible position, you know."

"Yes," said Phil, and he blushed and hung his head. "Squire Deems recommended me, mother. Mr. Medway said he told him I was a very trustworthy boy. I'm sorry I said such hard things about him."

"I'm sure he deserved it," Katie flashed forth, "for advising mamma to 'put us out'—that is just what he said—when—papa—went away, and offering to find good homes for us. The idea! What would a home be without mamma? and what would she do without us, I'd like to know?"

"What, indeed!" echoed her mother. "I can't tell, Katie. But Squire Deems thought he was acting for the best. He has been very kind all through our trouble, and I am sure it was his influence that procured Phil this situation."

"But it's mean for Phil to do it all," argued Katie. "I wish I could do something."

Phil wrinkled his nose at his sister and laughed.

"I'm the man o' this house," said he. "You and mother are ladies, Katydids. I don't mean you shall do much more sewing for people."

"My fifteen-year-old man," said his mother, laughing, too; but there were tears gathering in her eyes.

And Katie dimpled and then relaxed into swift gravity.

"I know what I can do, Phil," she said, going close to her brother. "I can hold up your hands the way that somebody in the Bible did. I can set the mill from my window, and every night—every night, Phil, before I go to sleep, I shall ask God to take care of my brother; and every time I'm awake I shall look down at you, so you needn't feel lone-some."

"Something of the guardian angel style?" laughed Phil, trying to joke away the moisture he felt creeping into his eyes. "You're a trump, Katie; but of course that's all nonsense—the looking out, you know."

Katie wasn't sure of that, however, and she meant to do just as she said if it were. She would feel as if she were somehow helping Phil, and that would be a comfort. Their little dwelling, though on the same side of the river as the mill, was above it, and around a wide bend; and so the long low structure under the river bank was in plain view from the window of Katie's little chamber. She kept her word faithfully; and once or twice every night she would creep out of her warm nest to the window, and took down across the bend to the mill. Often, not always, she could see Phil's light shining out of the engine-room, and sometimes she watched it go from window to window as Phil went his weary rounds over the mill. As for Phil, I am sure that, though he would hardly have acknowledged it, the lonely place where his nights were passed seemed far less lonely to him when he remembered that Katie might at any minute be looking from her window and thinking of him.

So a month passed by, and Phil performed his duties to Mr. Medway's entire satisfaction. There were some, indeed, who considered him much too young for his post, and did not bestow him with a smile.

"Well, Squire Deems recommended

him, and guaranteed I wouldn't be sorry I hired him. I've tested him all times o'night; he's always wide awake and about his business. He does the work of a man, and I get him ten dollars on a month's hire less."

Which was very true, and Mr. Medway ought to have blushed for it, though, to be sure, Phil was more than satisfied with what he received.

He kept well up with his classes, too, he was so ambitious. Miss Cary declared she was proud of him to Katie, and Katie's heart swelled with joy to hear it.

One day early in March something happened. Mrs. Payson was taken suddenly and violently ill. Katie, terrified beyond measure, could do nothing but rouse Phil from his sleep; and when the boy, startled by his sister's white, scared face, had brought the doctor, he felt as though he could never sleep again.

There was no great cause for alarm, however.

"It's a bad attack of cramp," Dr. Daley said, with a reassuring smile in Katie's direction. "You're doing just right. Apply hot cloths, and keep them hot. The spasms will ease away in a little time."

It was not until nearly nightfall, nevertheless, that Mrs. Payson became perfectly free from pain and quite herself again. Then Phil, light-hearted enough, and whistling a merry air, took up his lunch-basket and his books and trudged off to his work. Katie, troubled, followed him to the door.

"I'd get some one else to-night, Phil," she said. "You have always been used to sleeping all day. What if—"

But Phil laughed, and opened his dark eyes to their utmost. "I'm as wide awake as an owl," said he. "I couldn't go to sleep if I wanted to. See!"

Katie laughed, too, at the comical, strained expression on Phil's face. But she couldn't help feeling a little anxious as she went slowly back into the house. Suppose Phil should go to sleep, and Mr. Medway have a notion to visit him, as he often did, Katie knew, what a sad thing that would be for them all, and how dreadfully Phil would feel!

"It would just break his heart, I know," said she to herself. "But of course he won't."

Katie's prayer for her brother's welfare was much longer that night than usual; and, once in bed, she tossed and tumbled, only to fall at last into an uneasy slumber. More than once before the little clock on the sitting-room mantel struck 10 she sprang to the window and gazed down across the wide white river bend, only to see Phil's lamp beaming cheerily in the engine-room. How Phil would laugh at her if he knew, she thought, feeling really out of patience with herself.

"I won't look out again," she said. "It's nonsense, just as Phil said. I will not look out again to-night."

But she did—once more. The lamp in the engine-room still burned steadily. It would have been relief to see the light flashing from window to window as she had seen it so often, Katie thought. She could feel sure then that all was right. Now—

Was that the lamp? It flickered strangely. One instant it died into the ghost of a light, and the next it flared brilliantly. Katie rubbed her eyes in wondering terror. It was no illusion; the light shining from the engine-room window was not clear steady lamp-light. It was red—like long time.

"Phil was dressed to kill, and had on a light overcoat and a plug hat. That hat proved my ruin. Heads were poked out of every window and I was greeted with such comforting yells as 'Shoot it!' 'Come from under that hat and look at it!' etc., etc. I was perspiring so that I left a trail behind me."

"How did you happen to see the fire?"

"Why—I—I—"

"She looks out of her window a dozen times a night to see that I'm all right," said Phil, with brusque earnestness; "and she prays for me before she goes to sleep. That's how, Mr. Medway. Oh, Katie, little sister!"

"Well! well!" said Mr. Medway, who seemed to be having a great deal of trouble with his throat and eyes. "Well! well!" And he was silent for what seemed to Katie and Phil a long, long time.

"I suppose I needn't—needn't come here again," Phil mustered courage to say presently.

"Not come again?" echoed Mr. Medway. "Why not, boy? Of course you'll come again, every night." He put his hand on Katie's head. "And I'm going to pay you a man's wages after this, remember. A boy with a sister like yours ought to be encouraged. I'm pretty sure you won't let this happen again."

And he slammed the door behind him.

"Oh, Phil!"

"Oh, Katie!"

They went home in the morning early and Mrs. Payson heard the story of the night's adventure.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, mother!" cried Phil. "Think of that! And it's all Katie's work, every bit."

But Mrs. Payson, thinking too of Katie's work, shuddered and drew them close, and kissed them both.—*Harper's Young People.*

After all, it was not much of a battle. There were pails and an abundance of water at hand, and the fire was not really under headway. The flames, though widespread, had not begun to burn through the solid floor, which was soon thoroughly flooded. In a few minutes it was all over, and Phil had opened the window. He turned to Katie then, who stood pale and trembling, as she had not trembled before.

"Oh, Katie!" he cried, choking, "how did you—"

And Katie told—or tried to tell him; but long before she had finished she was crying hysterically around his neck.

"Oh, Katie darling, don't. Don't, Katie."

The door opened at that moment. Phil knew who stood there before he heard Mr. Medway's voice.

"Heyday! What's all this fuss about?"

"There has been a fire, sir," answered Phil, readily, though with a shake in his voice. "But it is out now."

Mr. Medway stepped into the room without another word, and taking up the lamp proceeded to examine the wall, the floor and the furnace itself carefully.

"Gibbs must look after this a little in the morning," he said; and he placed the lamp on the bench again, while Katie and Phil stood by with sinking hearts. Suddenly he looked at Phil's sister. "Why, what are you here for?" he asked, not unkindly.

It was not until nearly nightfall, nevertheless, that Mrs. Payson became perfectly free from pain and quite herself again. Then Phil, light-hearted enough, and whistling a merry air, took up his lunch-basket and his books and trudged off to his work. Katie, troubled, followed him to the door.

"I'd get some one else to-night, Phil," she said. "You have always been used to sleeping all day. What if—"

But right here Phil came bravely to the rescue.

"I was asleep, Mr. Medway," he said, "and if it hadn't been for Katie my mill—"

"Asleep?" repeated Mr. Medway, his face stern and cold.

It was an awful moment, and Katie ended it by springing forward and grasping Mr. Medway's hand.

"Oh, if you please," she cried, "may I tell you how he happened to do it?"

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&lt;p

## THE BAD BOY GETS A FROG.

AND PUTS THIS LITTLE JUMPER IN HIS PA'S BED.

The Old Gentleman Thinks He is Struck With Paralysis and Yells Six Kinds of Murder.

"Uncle Ezra says pa used to play tricks on everybody," remarked the bad boy to the grocery man. "I may be mean, but I never played jokes on blind people, a pa did when he was a boy. Uncle Ezra says once there was a party of four blind vocalists, all girls, gave an entertainment at the town where pa lived, and they stayed at the hotel where pa tended bar. Another thing, I never sold rum, either, as pa did. Well, before the blind vocalists went to bed, pa caught a lot of frogs and put them in the beds where the girls were to sleep, and when the poor blind girls got into bed the frogs hopped all over them, and the way they got out was a caution. It is bad enough to have frogs hopping all over girls that can see, but for girls that are deprived of their sight, and don't know what anything is, except by the feeling of it, it looks to me like a pretty tough joke. I guess pa is sorry now for what he did, 'cause when Uncle Ezra told the frog story, I brought home a frog and put it in pa's bed. Pa has been afraid of paralysis for years, and when his leg or anything gets asleep, he thinks that is the end of him. Before bedtime I turned the conversation onto paralysis, and told about a man about pa's age having it on the west side, and pa was nervous, and soon after he retired I guess the frog wanted to get acquainted with pa, 'cause pa yelled six kinds of murder, and we went into his room. You know how cold a frog is. Well, you'd a dide to see pa. He laid still and said his end had come, and Uncle Ezra asked him if it was the end with a head, or the feet, and pa told him paralysis had marked him for a victim, and he could feel that his left leg was becoming dead. He said he could feel the cold, clammy hand of death walking up him, and he wanted ma to put a bottle of hot water to his feet. Ma got the bottle of hot water and put it to pa's feet, and the cork came out and paid said he was dead sure enough, now, because he was hot in the extremities, and that a cold wave was going up his leg. Ma asked him where the cold wave was, and he told her, and she thought she would rub it, but she began to yell the same kind of murder pa did, and she said a snake had gone up her sleeve. Then I thought it was time to stop the circus, and I reached up ma's lace sleeve and caught the frog by the leg and pulled it out, and told pa I guessed he had taken my frog to bed with him, and I showed it to him, and then he said I did it, and a boy that would do such a thing would go to perdition as sure as preachin', and I asked him if he thought a man who put frogs in the beds with blind girls, when he was a boy, would get to heaven, and then he told me to hit out, and I lit. I guess pa will feel better when Uncle Ezra goes away, 'cause he thinks Uncle Ezra talks too much about old times. Well, here comes our baby wagon, and I guess pa has done penance long enough, and I will go and wheel the kid awhile. Say, you cali pa in, after I take the baby wagon, and tell him you don't know how he would get along without such a nice boy as me, and you can charge it in our next month's bill!" —*Pec's Sun.*

### An Ape's Revenge.

Apes, when their anger is aroused, are very dangerous creatures, as they will dare almost anything in order to avenge their wrongs. Many of their deeds of revenge are well known, but the following anecdote, which comes from Italy, is as amusing as any we have yet heard of. Il Rosso, a disciple of Angelo, resided in Florence in a house overlooking a garden belonging to some friars. Il Rosso possessed an ape which was on friendly terms with one of his apprentices called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, letting it down into the adjacent garden and drawing it up again by a rope. The grapes being missed, watch was set, and one day a friar caught the ape in the very act. He tried to inflict a thrashing, but the ape got the best of it and escaped. Il Rosso, however, was sued, and his pet sentenced to wear a weight on its tail. But few days elapsed ere the culprit had an opportunity of avenging this insult. While the friar was performing mass at a neighboring church, the ape climbed to the part of the roof under which the altar stood, and to use Vasari's words, "performed so lively a dance with the weight on his tail that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken; and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentations was heard that lasted three days." —*Harper's Young People.*

### People Who Disappear.

Five hundred men, women and children disappear in New York every year and are reported as mysteriously lost. Those who read newspapers hear of their disappearance, but only in exceptional instances of their recovery. What becomes of this great herd of absents? Do they ever return? Or, once sucked under in the mad whirlpool of feverish metropolitan life in which only the sun, not the individual counts, are they nevermore cast up to the surface and to the sight of men?

The question is answered by the police books. Under an improved system of recording missing persons and following up the inquiry at stated intervals, data have accumulated since the beginning of the present year that justify the conclusion that five-sixths of those sought for turn up, and that when they do the mystery of their absence is reduced to a very small minimum. —*New York Herald.*

### SELECT SIFTINGS.

In some parts of Siberia a wife costs eight dogs.

To short-sighted persons the moon appears to have a blue fringe.

Chemical analysis shows that the human brain is eighty per cent. water.

A Spanish grandee has an entire bedroom suite of furniture made of glass.

A London physician says that the English sparrow is subject to the smallpox.

A watch made entirely of iron and in perfect running order was exhibited in a Wocestershire fair recently.

Mrs. Mary Austin, of Washington, Ga., died recently. She had been the mother of forty-four children, including six sets of triplets.

Color blindness is more common among Quakers than among persons of any other religious faith, which is supposed to be because of their indifference to color.

The white perch of the Ohio are noted for the musical sounds they make. The sound is much like that produced by a silk thread placed in a window where the wind blows across it.

An island about three acres in extent, recently discovered off the coast of California, is almost paved with the eggs of sea fowl, and the discoverers think that it is the greatest bird's nest in the world.

Once a year the little Hindoo girls destroy all their dolls by throwing them into a large tank filled with water. This is done so they will have "no other gods before their eyes during the Festival of Dassera."

The great sandstone anvil of the mound builders is in possession of the Cincinnati Society of Natural History. It was found some miles above Ironon, Mo., by Dr. H. H. Hill, successful collector of American relics. This anvil is composed of very sharp grit, contains over 100 depressions, weighs about 500 pounds, and measures eight feet nine inches at its greatest circumference.

In Catholic and Protestant countries, the year 1900 will not be a leap-year, they all having adopted the Gregorian calendar. In countries where the Greek church is established (Russia and Greece) the old Julian calendar still holds, and those countries will count it a leap-year. After February, 1900, therefore, the difference between the two calendars, which is now twelve days, will become thirteen days, and will remain so until 2100, the year 2000 being a leap-year in both the Julian and Gregorian calendars. The rule for leap-year may be thus stated according to the Gregorian calendar, which differs from the Julian only in a special treatment of the century year: All years whose index-number (1883 is the index-number of the present year) is divisible by four are leap-years, unless (1) their index-number is divisible by one hundred (century years). In that case they are not leap-years, unless (2) their index-number is divisible by four hundred, in which case they are leap-years. Thus, 1700, 1800, 1900 and 2100 are not leap-years, while 1600, 2000 and 2400 are.

### Something About Tennis.

Although the revival of the ancient game of tennis, which is now generally known as lawn tennis, is of recent growth, the sport is simply a modification of the pastime familiar to the English people in the time of Shakespeare. They, in turn, borrowed the game from the French. There can be little doubt that the sport arose out of "hand-ball," or, as it was called by the French, palm-play, so-called because the exercise consisted in receiving the ball and driving it back again with the palm of the hand. In former times they played with the naked hand, then with a glove. Afterward it became the fashion to bind cords and tendons around the hands to make the ball rebound more forcibly. From this habit the racket derived its origin. During the time of Charles I hand tennis was exceedingly popular in France, being played for large sums of money. So strong was the passion for betting upon the game that the nobility, after losing all they had about them, would pledge their wearing apparel. According to Labouré, a French historian, the Duke of Burgundy, "having lost sixty francs at palm-play with the Duke of Bourbon, Messire William de Lyon and Messire Guy de la Trémouille, and not having money enough to pay them, gave his girde as a pledge for the remainder, and shortly afterward he left the same girde with the Count D'Eu for eighty francs which he lost at tennis." Indeed, it was very common in those times to negotiate girdles instead of bonds in betting transactions.

In the fifteenth century regular and fixed rules were introduced in the game for the first time, and covered courts were erected. In the sixteenth century tennis courts were quite common in England, and the sport was liberally encouraged by the sovereigns. In a work published by Hoole in 1658 there is a picture of a tennis court divided by a line stretched in the middle, and the players standing on either side with their racquets ready to receive and return the ball, which the rules of the game required to be struck over the line. —*American Queen.*

### The Law About Drawbridges.

In reply to an inquiry on the subject, the secretary of the treasury states that no special acts of Congress regulate the conditions for opening drawbridges on all navigable waters of this country, but that if a private citizen be aggrieved by the closing of a draw, he has his action at common law for damages; and possibly, under State statute, a drawbridge which was not properly and reasonably opened might be declared as a nuisance.

### WISE WORDS.

All those who know their mind do not know their heart.

The more nature is sad, the more the hearthstone is dear.

We pass often from love to ambition, but we seldom return from ambition to love.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not displeasing to us.

It is possible for a man to tell the truth without being sworn. He who cannot be but a liar at best.

The grandest spectacle on earth is the man who stands up like a tower of strength in the midst of his ruins.

The day laborer has that which is often denied to kings and emperors—a good appetite and refreshing sleep.

Absence diminishes the ordinary passions and increases the great ones, as the wind extinguishes the candle and lights the fire.

There are houses where people are bright without mistrusting it; there are others where people are stupid in spite of themselves.

If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine which open the two beautiful flowers—trust and hope.

There are persons who have more intelligence than taste, and others who have more taste than intelligence. There is more vanity and caprice in taste than in intelligence.

Bad temper is often the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to your self, respect to all men, charity.

### The Cost of Crack Yachts.

"Is this the first steam yacht you have built for a rich New Yorker, Mr. Cramp?" "No, it is the third. I built the Corsair for Charles J. Osborne, the broker. He sold it to Pierrepont Morgan for \$90,000, after using it for some time, which is more than Mr. Osborne paid me for it. The fact is," said Mr. Cramp, apologetically, "I did not charge enough for those early yachts. I thought I saw a market in that direction, and endeavored to manufacture them very close to cost, and I really ran behind. American ship-builders have a great deal to contend with, and they have to take large chances at times." "What was the other yacht that you built?" "I built the yacht called the Stranger, for George Osgood, and when he died his administrators sold it to Jaffray, the rich merchant here, for \$65,000, which was very close to what it cost Osgood." "What will Mr. Gould's yacht cost?" Mr. Cramp shook his head and said that he did not quite know. However, I ascertained from another person, who claimed to be informed, that Gould's yacht cost him \$260,000. —*New York Tribune.*

### A Ranch Larger than a Small State.

The largest ranch in Texas is that of Charles Goodnight, located at the head of Red river. He began buying land four years ago, securing 270,000 acres at thirty-five cents an acre. In the meantime the price has advanced from \$1 to \$2 per acre, but he is still buying and now controls 700,000 acres. To inclose his landed possessions 250 miles of fencing is required. Mr. Goodnight has a herd of 40,000 cattle. When it is considered that the whole State of Rhode Island contains only 674,944 acres, it will be seen what an immense amount of land this man's possessions cover. Miller & Lux own as much land as Mr. Goodnight does. They have 600,000 acres in the San Joaquin valley alone. —*Galveston News.*

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about 375 bushels, of air a minute. Think of this when you are tempted to eat onions. —*Burlington Free Press.*

### We Should Help One Another.

Mr. Norman Hunt, of No. 169 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass., writes April 10, 1888, saying: "Having the affliction caused by kidney and liver disease, and after enduring the aches, pains, weakness and depression incident thereto until body and soul were nearly distract, I sought for relief and a cure from my trouble, and was told by a friend who had been cured in himself that the best and only sure cure was Hunt's Remedy. I accordingly recommended taking and the first few doses improved my condition in a very marked manner, and a continuance of its use has justified all that my friends claimed for it—that it was a sure and permanent cure for all diseases of the kidneys and liver. Several of my friends in Springfield have used it with the most gratifying results, and I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure to me to recommend Hunt's Remedy in the highest possible terms."

### Manufacturer's Testimony.

Mr. H. W. PAYNE, manufacturer of harness, saddlery, trunks, valises, etc., No. 477 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., writes us under date of April 10, 1888:

"Gentlemen—I have used Hunt's Remedy, the best medicine for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, and have received great benefit to my health from its use, and I find it will do just what is claimed for it; it will cure disease and restore health. I therefore pronounce it the best medicine that I have ever used."

### Boston and Albany Railroad.

ARMON H. ELLIOT, paymaster, Boston and Albany Railroad, Springfield, Mass., writes April 25, 1888: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do, if used according to directions."

There are thirteen murder cases pending in Monroe County, Ky.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, Nervousness, sleeplessness, etc.

To one foreign lady who visits the United States 100 American ladies visit Europe.

### Valentine Men.

Well's Health Remover restores health, vigor, cure Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, &c.

### NO HOME EXEMPT.

The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles That Come to Every Household Explained.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting to the *Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle*:

—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deplorable influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body, and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come and go, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and sputum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dispelled by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may be too late. I realized at last my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, oh! how hard I tried. I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much, but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the best beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it, the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music, in this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used. Since my recovery I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common diseases, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has

[From our Washington Correspondent.]

**WASHINGTON LETTER.**

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1883.

MR. EDITOR:—The summer heats has begun; departing trains and steamboats carry away those who seek rest and recreation amid mountain recesses or where the sea murmurs, ripples and rolls eternally. The long days of expectancy and preparation are over, and the Spook-eydes, with all their intricate and perplexing questions settled, with the usual number of Saratoga trunks, dog houses and poodles, sandwiched with the most bewitching paraphernalia of the milliner's art, are off for a little rest for the old folks and for new conquests for the young misses who are deemed old enough to make their debut in society. The denizens of the capital have no lack of charming resorts from which to select as suited to give the coveted rest, recreation and pleasure. Old Point Comfort is reached by a delightful night trip down the Potomac on the steamers of the Island Coasting Co., and there is no more agreeable place than the Hygeia hotel, with its 1,000 guests, its hops, its sea-breezes and rolling surf, in which hundreds of bathers may be seen disporting daily. Ocean View, Hampton, the Soldier's Home, the Rip Raps, Cobb's Island, and many other places made historic in the late war, are easily reached by tourists from this point. Numbers of Washingtonians do their summering at the springs in the mountains of Virginia, of which there are over a baker's dozen that are more or less celebrated for their health giving and curative properties. These mountain resorts are reached by a few hours ride by the railroads centering at the capital. The population of our city is so largely made up of northern people, that by far the larger portion of pleasure seekers find it convenient to couple their usual vacation with the opportunity to visit old-time friends in the north; and in the absence of obligations in this direction, while away the pleasure weeks at Asbury Park, Rehobeth Beach, Ocean Grove and Cape May. Humanity is so constituted as to make Payne's declaration that there is no place like home, in some senses a grand mistake. Tired with wearing the same old harness and following the daily treadmill of toll, even poorer fare and more inconvenient quarters come to act as a restful solace to many a weary toller. Life is full of compensation, and what is lost on the side of home comforts is more than balanced by the credits on the side of new nerve, power, grit and courage with which to pick up again the threads of toil and weave them into the warp and woof of daily life.

The secretary's statement for July furnishes some remarkable facts, showing the debt paying ability of our Government. During the last year, while no industry has suffered perceptibly by the burdens of taxation, Uncle Sam's obligations have been reduced \$137,823,253.00, of which \$125,581,250 was interest bearing debt, reducing the annual interest account \$5,923,431. August, 1865, the annual interest charge was \$151,000,000, which is now reduced nearly \$100,000,000, leaving it only \$58,436,709; and during this period of eighteen years the principal of the national debt has been reduced over one thousand millions of dollars. This large reduction in the face of the enormous payments made for pensions and arrears and the liquidation of claims of all kinds growing out of the late war, is a most marvelous fact in the nation's history. Judging of the future by the past, the next ten years will see the national debt entirely wiped out, and future historians will record for the information of oncoming millions, that this young republic, in a single generation, beginning with no army, navy or credit, equipped over 1,000,000 of her brave sons, fought a four years' war, gave 500,000 precious lives as a sacrifice to liberty, raised a navy a terror to every foe, established a currency and gave it a credit by force of her conquests on sea and on land, and when victory came, pensioned every soldier and soldier's widow, paid every creditor interest and one hundred cents on every dollar of her debt of three thousand millions, and did all this within thirty years, during which the country made the most rapid strides in material development, while the entire population enjoyed the most marvelous prosperity. Surely with such a history in the past, and with such a pregnant future before us, we ought to be grateful to God for giving us so goodly a heritage.

What are we to do with the silver is the question now confronting the country. The trade dollars of 430 grains, which is up to the standard, has been kicked and booted and knocked clear out of the field. \$36,000,000 of them were coined, of which only \$4,500,000 are in circulation in this country. The movement against the trade dollar is not likely to create any new friends for the standard dollar. It is hard for Congress to legalize this unlawful dollar, which though a legal tender in payment of duties, is not redeemable in any other money. There is now in the groaning vaults of the depositories in New York, Washington and elsewhere \$111,766,175 of standard dollars—weighing 6,000,000 tons—\$72,552,751 of which is represented by silver certificates, leaving \$40,000,000 which is stored as idle capital. There is no danger of any one stealing this trash, as every million weighs over thirty tons. Should Congress stop the coinage, the price of silver will be greatly depreciated. This is one of the questions that will com-

front the wisdom of over 180 new and untried statesmen in the next Democratic House.

**PHAKS.**

Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

**A YOUNG OLD LADY.**

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